

The Enchanted Castle.

The first piece which will engage your notice after you have entered the gallery, is an admirable painting by one Mr. *Good*. It represents the parable of the cruel steward in the gospel, who, though his lord had forgiven him a large debt which



he was unable to pay, was so hard-hearted as to throw one of his neighbours into a stinking goal for a mere trifle. The surprise and indignation which is visible in the countenance of his lord, and the inexpressible

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pressible anguish and confusion which the steward discovers while he is receiving his sentence, together with the gratified resentment of the by-standers, who seem by their looks to upbraid him with his barbarity and triumph at his fall;—these are circumstances which do honour to the good taste of the painter, and give us a striking caution, that if we ever hope to be forgiven ourselves, we should be always ready to forgive the failings of our brethren. But for Master *Tommy Cross*, he is such a sulky boy, that if you once happen to offend him, he will owe you a grudge ever afterwards; so that if he had his deserts, he should be whipt, and that very handsomely, for every fault he is guilty of.

The next picture is the death of *Abraham*, by the ingenious Mr. *Dutiful*; and a fine one it is: for there you may see the poor unhappy young prince, with his

beau-